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EPISODE: 1

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"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 5V

"Logopolis"

by

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TRANSMISSION:

DOCTOR WHO: "LOGOPOLIS" EPISODE ONE

CAST:

DOCTOR  
ADRIC  
TEGAN

THE MASTER (chuckle v/o only)

AUNT VANESSA  
POLICE INSPECTOR

N/S

THE WATCHER  
2 UNIFORMED POLICEMEN  
POLICE CONSTABLE (WITH BICYCLE)

FILM:

Ext. A By-Pass with Police Box  
Ext. Aunt Vanessa's House & Village Street

STUDIO:

THE TARDIS CLOISTERS  
TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM AND CORRIDOR  
TARDIS CONSOLE SIMULACRA 1 and 2 (above set relit)

MODEL SHOTS

Pyramid with door

TELECINE 35mm

Opening Titles

END TELECINE 35mm

TELECINE 1:

Ext. A By-Pass with  
Police Box. Day.

A real Police Box stands by the verge, a bicycle leaning against it.

We see that a Police Constable has the small telephone door open and is finishing dialling through a call -- a quaintly old-fashioned vignette amid the rush of passing traffic.

The Constable is in a jovial mood, obviously embarking on a lengthy friendly chat with a colleague.

But as we approach, the sound of the conversation is drowned out by a, familiar whirring sound, distinguishable from, but not unlike, the materialising TARDIS.

The baffled Constable looks at the telephone, and then bangs it on his helmet to try to improve the sound.

Perhaps it is this that

distracts him from  
seeing:

A distinct wobble coming  
over the Police Box. The  
whirring sound stops.

But the Constable has  
been cut off. He looks  
ruefully at the telephone  
and hangs up.

But something inside the  
box seems to have grabbed  
his hand, as he is  
suddenly pulled up hard  
against the blue door,  
his arm disappearing up  
to the shoulder.

His head lolls back, and  
his eyes stare.

A throttled, terminal  
gasp bubbles in his  
throat, and from inside  
the box we hear the  
faintest chuckle.

END TELECINE 1.



1. INT/EXT. THE TARDIS CLOISTERS.  
NO TIME.

(LARGE, OPEN-AIR EFFECT  
ANCIENT CLOISTERS,  
COMPRISING A ROOFED  
PATHWAY AROUND THE  
PERIMETER OF A  
STONEFLAGGED QUADRANGLE.  
A FEW TREES GROW UP AMONG  
THE FLAGSTONES.

THE WALLS ARE TEXTURED  
WITH CIRCULAR ILLUMINATED  
INDENTATIONS, TESTIFYING  
THAT WE ARE INSIDE THE  
TARDIS.

ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE  
CLOISTERS THE FIGURE OF  
THE DOCTOR PACES  
THOUGHTFULLY BACKWARDS  
AND FORWARDS. EVEN AT  
THIS DISTANCE WE CAN SEE  
HE IS DEEPLY TROUBLED.

ADRIC IS WATCHING THE  
DOCTOR FROM OUR SIDE OF  
THE CLOISTERS.

AS IF SENSING ADRIC'S  
PRESENCE THE DOCTOR STOPS  
AND LOOKS UP.

THE DOCTOR TAKES A STEP  
TOWARDS ADRIC AND WITH  
UNCHARACTERISTIC  
SOLEMNITY BECKONS HIM  
ACROSS THE QUAD.

ADRIC GOES OVER TO HIM)

ADRIC: Doctor....

DOCTOR: Whenever you see me in here pacing up and down like this, be a good chap and don't interrupt. Unless it's terribly urgent. It's not, is it?

ADRIC: No...

DOCTOR: Well, now you know. If fact there's no need to come barging in here at all. If it is terribly urgent you can always ring the Cloister Bell.

ADRIC: Cloister Bell? What's that?

DOCTOR: It's a sort of communications device reserved for wild catastrophes and sudden calls to man the battle stations.

ADRIC: The Tardis doesn't have battle stations, does it.

DOCTOR: No, nothing along those lines. I sometimes wonder whether I shouldn't be running a tighter ship.

(HE SCRATCHES AT A NEARBY  
PILLAR: A SMALL PIECE OF  
THE MASONRY CRUMBLES  
AWAY)

DOCTOR: I'm afraid the second law of thermodynamics is taking its toll of the old thing.

ADRIC: Entropy increases?

DOCTOR: Daily. The more you put things together the more they keep falling to bits. That's the essence of the second law of thermodynamics, and I never heard a truer word spoken. Have you seen the state of the Time column lately. Wheezing like a grampus.

ADRIC: It will get us to Gallifrey, won't it?

DOCTOR: Gallifrey? Oh yes... Are you really set on visiting Gallifrey?

ADRIC: Yes, I would like to. That is where we're going, isn't it?

DOCTOR: That was the very question I was pondering, in a general way. There's bound to be a lot of fuss about Romana... Why she stayed in E-Space, official investigations, all that sort of thing.

ADRIC: The Time Lords won't approve?

DOCTOR: She's broken the cardinal rule of Gallifrey -- she's become involved, and in a pretty permanent sort of way. Perhaps we should let a few oceans go under the bridge before heading back home.

ADRIC: That's all right with me. And see Gallifrey later.

DOCTOR: (STILL NOT KEEN)  
Ye-es... Let me put another idea to you... Would you mind closing that door. There's quite a draught.

(ADRIC DOES SO)

DOCTOR: The place I have in mind is on the way. Well, sort of, give or take a parsec or two. It's my home from home.



TELECINE 2:

Ext. Aunt Vanessa's  
House. Day.

A cottage house in a  
quiet village-like  
street.

Aunt VANESSA, a spindly  
grey-haired woman, sits  
behind the steering wheel  
of the elderly sports car  
parked outside the  
house.

TEGAN, a young woman of  
about twenty, comes  
haring out of the house.  
She is wearing air  
stewardess uniform and  
carries a flightbag.

TEGAN: OK, Aunt  
Vanessa. Let's go.

Aunt VANESSA pulls the  
starter. The engine  
fires, then splutters  
out.

TEGAN: More choke.  
And easy on the throttle  
as you turn her over.

VANESSA: (NODDING  
TOWARDS THE HOUSE) While  
I do that, dear, I wonder  
if you'd mind shutting  
the front door.

TEGAN: Oh, rabbits.  
(AS SHE GOES BACK TO THE  
HOUSE) I promise I'll  
get organised one day...

VANESSA: Calm down,  
Tegan. We're in plenty  
of time. Really, you're  
so excitable. (CONFIDING  
TO THE CAR AS SHE TRIES  
AGAIN ON THE STARTER)  
But I wish you and I had  
half her energy.

TEGAN returns back down  
the path again

TEGAN: Sorry, Aunt  
Vanessa. First Flight  
nerves, I guess.

Aunt VANESSA tries the  
starter again. TEGAN  
goes round to the  
driver's seat and  
gestures to Aunt VANESSA  
to move over.

TEGAN: Here, let me  
do that. I've got the  
touch.

She gets into the  
driver's seat and pulls  
the starter. The engine  
ignites immediately.

TEGAN: (REHEARSING)  
Good evening, passengers.  
You may now release your  
safety belts and smoke if  
you wish. To ensure  
continued safety on this  
flight it will be  
necessary to draw your  
attention to the oxygen  
apparatus situated above  
each seating  
position....

During this, TEGAN is  
fastening her safety  
belt.

TEGAN: This is  
brought into operation by  
gently pulling the orange  
tag and placing the  
mouthpiece over the nose  
and mouth. Disposable  
paper bags, together with  
our flight magazine, may  
be found in the recess in  
the seat immediately in  
front of you....

And we watch them drive  
off down the street.

END TELECINE 2.

2. INT/EXT. THE TARDIS CLOISTERS.  
NO TIME.

(THE DOCTOR AND ADRIC ARE  
STROLLING SIDE BY SIDE  
AROUND THE CLOISTERS)

ADRIC: Earth's the planet with  
all the oceans, isn't it?

DOCTOR: That's the chap.

ADRIC: It sounds wet.

DOCTOR: Oh, it is. At least,  
where we're going is. And that's  
the one place on this planet where  
we can find these blue boxes.

ADRIC: That look more or less  
like the Tardis?

DOCTOR: But aren't. No spacious  
accommodation, no viewer screens,  
they don't time travel....

ADRIC: What're they for, then?

DOCTOR: They're more or less  
obsolete at the time we'll be  
arriving there. There are some up  
in the Northern part that are still  
in use. They're a sort of  
elementary communications device.



ADRIC: But we've got communications devices. We don't need one for that.

DOCTOR: This one's called a Police Box. It's what the mathematical model of the Tardis exterior is based on.

ADRIC: I'd like to see the Earth. But why do we have to go all that way just to visit something that looks like the Tardis but doesn't really do anything.

DOCTOR: I want to measure it.

ADRIC: Whatever for?

DOCTOR: Block Transfer Computation.

ADRIC: I've never heard of that.

DOCTOR: I don't expect you have. Logopolis is a quiet little place -- keeps itself to itself.

ADRIC: Logopolis? But I thought we were going to Earth.

DOCTOR: No, Logopolis is the other place. We take the measurements there afterwards?

ADRIC: We're going to measure Logopolis too?

DOCTOR: We measure the Police Box on Earth and then take the measurements to Logopolis... I'm afraid I'm not explaining this very well. (HEADING FOR THE DOOR THAT LEADS OUT OF THE CLOISTERS) It's all to do with the problem of the Chameleon circuit... Come on, I'll show you.

(ADRIC IS ABOUT TO FOLLOW WHEN SEEMINGLY FROM FAR OFF COMES THE SOUND OF WHAT MIGHT BE A CLOCK BELL, DEEP-TONED AND STATELY, MATCHING THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE CLOISTERS)

ADRIC: What's that?

DOCTOR: (FROZEN TO THE SPOT) Communication device. The Cloister Bell.

TELECINE 3:

Ext. A By-Pass with  
Police Box. Day.

Traffic passes on the road upstream of the police box we have already seen.

We notice one car travelling slowly, the somewhat battered open sports car valiantly driven by Aunt VANESSA, with TEGAN in the passenger seat.

The car passes the Police Box and we notice that one of its tyres is very flat.

As it goes flap-flapping past us out of shot, we CLOSE upon the Police Box and see:

The Police Constable's abandoned bicycle leaning against it. Beside the bicycle the telephone receiver dangles on its cord.

END TELECINE 3.

3. INT. CORRIDOR IN THE TARDIS. NO  
TIME.

(THE DOCTOR AND ADRIC ARE  
HURRYING ALONG TOWARDS  
THE CONSOLE ROOM.

BUT THE DOCTOR PAUSES TO  
LISTEN)

ADRIC: It's stopped.

DOCTOR: So it has.

ADRIC: What does it mean?

DOCTOR: Nothing very much when  
it's not sounding.

ADRIC: But it did sound. Is  
there a wild catastrophe?

DOCTOR: Apparently not.

ADRIC: But something must have  
made it ring.

DOCTOR: Somebody trying to get  
in touch with us, perhaps? Or our  
old friend entropy crumbling away  
at the systems circuitry? (MOVING  
OFF WITH LESS URGENCY) Come on,  
we'd better take a look.



15 (ep.1)

ADRIC: (FOLLOWING HIM) You  
were telling me about the Chameleon  
circuit...

TELECINE 4:

Ext. A By-Pass with  
Police Box. Day.

The sports car has ground  
to a halt a few yards  
beyond the Police Box.

TEGAN is inspecting the  
tyre.

TEGAN: Hell's teeth,  
Aunt Vanessa. It's a  
flat tyre.

VANESSA: I said there  
was something funny with  
the steering. But you  
would insist.

END TELECINE 4.

4. INT. A TARDIS CORRIDOR. NO  
TIME.

(THE DOCTOR AND ADRIC  
ARRIVE AT A T-JUNCTION.

THE DOCTOR IS LAUNCHED  
INTO AN EXPLANATION OF  
TRANSCENDENTAL  
DIMENSIONING)

DOCTOR: ...whereas the exterior  
of the Tardis only exists as a real  
space/time event....

ADRIC: But mapped on to one of  
the interior continuums?

DOCTOR: Precisely. Very  
good...

ADRIC: So you can turn it into  
anything you like?

DOCTOR: Ah... a very sore  
point. Yes -- according to the  
handbook -- the outer plasmic shell  
of the Tardis is driven by the  
Chameleon circuit.

ADRIC: So it can change its  
appearance?

DOCTOR: More or less infinitely  
-- or so runs the theory. In  
practise, however...

(THE DOCTOR BREAKS OFF IN  
FRONT OF THE DOOR  
IMMEDIATELY AHEAD OF THEM  
-- ROMANA'S ROOM)

DOCTOR: I always meant to get  
Romana to help me fix it one day.  
(AS IF THE THOUGHT HAS ONLY JUST  
STRUCK HIM) I suppose we're going  
to miss her and K9?

(RATHER ODDLY, ALMOST AS  
A RITUAL, HE PUSHES THE  
DOOR OPEN AND PUTS HIS  
HEAD ROUND INTO THE  
ROOM.

THROUGH THE HALF-OPEN  
DOOR WE GLIMPSE SOME OF  
THE FAMILIAR  
FURNISHINGS)

ADRIC: I know I am.

DOCTOR: (AS HIS HEAD REAPPEARS)  
So am I. But... the future lies...

(HE PONDERES FOR A MOMENT,  
LOOKING ALONG THE  
CORRIDORS... AND BACK AT  
ROMANA'S ROOM.

HE DRAWS THE DOOR FIRMLY  
TO AND POINTS TO THE  
BRANCH OFF TO THE RIGHT  
OF ROMANA'S DOOR)

DOCTOR: ...this way.



TELECINE 5:

Ext. A By-Pass with  
Police Box. Day.

TEGAN and Aunt VANESSA  
are looking at the flat  
tyre.

TEGAN: Come on, we've  
got to do something.

VANESSA: Telephone for  
help.

TEGAN: Absolutely  
not. Cars! I hate  
them.

VANESSA: That's not  
what you said when I  
offered you a lift.

TEGAN: I'm sorry,  
Aunt Vanessa. But you  
just don't get this sort  
of silly aggravation with  
aircraft.

VANESSA: If we sit here  
and look helpless,  
perhaps someone will take  
pity on us.

TEGAN: Feeble. We'll  
crack this ourselves,  
Aunt Vanessa. Now then,  
where's the wheel  
spanner.

END TELECINE 5.

5. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. NO  
TIME.

(THE DOCTOR AND ADRIC  
ENTER THE CONSOLE ROOM,  
WHERE THE TIME COLUMN IS  
OSCILLATING UNEASILY.

THE DOCTOR GOES OVER TO  
THE CONSOLE)

DOCTOR: ...because this  
Chameleon circuit's stuck. In a  
totter's yard, years ago. She was  
in for repairs on Gallifrey at the  
very beginning of things. When I  
first... borrowed her.

ADRIC: I thought the Tardis was  
yours?

DOCTOR: On a sort of finder's  
keeper's basis. I should have  
waited until they fitted the new  
version of the Chameleon circuit.  
But there were pressing reasons at  
the time.

(THE DOCTOR HAS DUCKED  
UNDER THE CONSOLE, AND IS  
FIDDLING ABOUT THERE.

A LARGE PANEL RISES  
VERTICALLY UP OUT OF THE  
CONSOLE UNDER ADRIC'S  
NOSE, A KEYBOARD WITH  
NUMBERS AND LETTERS.

ADRIC IS STARTLED, AND

THEN CURIOUS)

DOCTOR: (FROM UNDERNEATH)  
Anything happening up there?

ADRIC: (INSPECTING THE PANEL)  
What do these numbers and letters mean?

DOCTOR: (RE-EMERGING) This is an early version -- the instructions have to be entered in machine code.

ADRIC: That's rather boring.

DOCTOR: Boring, but bearable... it if worked.

(THE DOCTOR HINGES THE PANEL FORWARDS, SO THAT IT FORMS A HORIZONTAL TABLE, COVERED WITH KEYS.

HE OPERATES A BUTTON AND THE VIEWER SCREEN OPENS, DISPLAYING:

A PICTURE OF THE TARDIS EXTERIOR)

DOCTOR: Now in theory, you should be able to do things like this...

(HE KEYS IN SOME NUMBERS AND THE PICTURE ON THE SCREEN SLOWLY TRANSFORMS INTO AN EGYPTIAN

PYRAMID)

DOCTOR: And we could have the door here...

(HE KEYS IN SOME MORE NUMBERS. A DOOR APPEARS IN THE PYRAMID, AND OPENS)

ADRIC: (DOUBTFULLY) Yes, I suppose that's useful.

DOCTOR: We've got to be able to get in and out.

ADRIC: No, I mean being able to change like that.

DOCTOR: It was how the Master hid from us on Traken. Now if this was working, I'd only have to pull this lever... (HE DOES SO) ... and we'd be a pyramid.

(THE PICTURE ON THE SCREEN REVERTS TO THE POLICE BOX SHAPE)

DOCTOR: Can't get away from it, you see.

ADRIC: But why do you want to? It's sort of distinctive. A friendly sight, to look at.

DOCTOR: And a sight too easy to look for. I'm not sure we should be distinctive.

ADRIC: Why? Who's looking for us. You've disposed of the Master now.

DOCTOR: (WITH A CERTAIN UNEASE)  
Yes... I did, didn't I. It may just be nonsense, but since we left Traken I've been feeling rather... And then when the Cloister Bell rang...

(HE CASTS A GLANCE AT THE  
TIME COLUMN, AND SHAKES  
OFF THE MOOD THAT HAS  
GRIPPED HIM)

DOCTOR: Ah, Earth. Nearly there.



ADRIC: Why? Who's looking for us. You've disposed of the Master now.

DOCTOR: (WITH A CERTAIN UNEASE)  
Yes... I did, didn't I. It may just be nonsense, but since we left Traken I been feeling rather... And then when the Cloister Bell rang...

(HE CASTS A GLANCE AT THE  
TIME COLUMN, AND SHAKES  
OFF THE MOOD THAT HAS  
GRIPPED HIM)

DOCTOR: Ah, Earth. Nearly there.

TELECINE 6:

Ext. A By-Pass with  
Police Box. Day.

TEGAN is working at the  
dud wheel with the wheel  
spanner while Aunt  
VANESSA stands by.

A plane goes by overhead.  
TEGAN stops and looks  
up.

TEGAN: 747. Now  
that's what I call  
travelling.

VANESSA: You and your  
aeroplanes. I sometimes  
think you should have  
been born with wings!

Behind them we see the  
Police Box, and notice,  
as they do not:

The Tardis gently  
materialising beside it.

VANESSA: By the way,  
dear -- don't you think  
we should put a jack  
under there before you  
take the wheel off?

END TELECINE 6.

6. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. DAY.

(THE TIME COLUMN HAS  
STOPPED OSCILLATING,  
INDICATING THAT THE  
TARDIS HAS COME TO THE  
END OF ITS JOURNEY.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AROUND  
THE ROOM, CLEARLY  
DISSATISFIED)

DOCTOR: We've missed.

ADRIC: What's supposed to  
happen?

DOCTOR: I usually suppose we're  
going to miss. (WITH A NOTE OF  
PLEADING; TO THE TARDIS CONSOLE)  
But I thought just for once we  
might materialise on the right  
co-ordinates.

INSET:

(THE SCREEN SHOWS THE  
BY-PASS SCENE, WITH THE  
REAL POLICE BOX IN THE  
FOREGROUND AND THE  
TEGAN/VANESSA SCENE  
CONTINUING IN THE  
BACKGROUND)

DOCTOR: (VOICE OVER) Two point  
six metres off target. What a  
landing.

RESUME:

ADRIC: That's not bad for the  
Tardis.

DOCTOR: That's what I said --  
What a landing! (AS ADRIC MOVES TO  
THE DOOR LEVER) No, don't open the  
door.

ADRIC: Aren't we going out  
there to measure it?

DOCTOR: No need to draw  
attention to ourselves. There's a  
simpler way, if I can just organise  
it. The Tardis and I are getting  
rather better at these short hops.

(AND THE DOCTOR LEANS  
OVER THE CONSOLE AND  
GINGERLY RESETS THE  
CO-ORDINATES)

TELECINE 7:

Ext. A By-Pass with  
Police Box. Day.

The two Police Boxes side  
by side fill the screen.  
On one of the the  
telephone receiver still  
dangles loosely.

The other one  
dematerialises.

After a moment or two the  
remaining Police Box  
seems to become unstable  
for an instant. We hear  
the familiar whirring  
sound of the TARDIS, and  
its light begins to flash  
faintly.

And the dangling phone  
has vanished.

END TELECINE 7.

7. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.  
DAY.

(THE REAL POLICE BOX IS  
MATERIALISING INSIDE THE  
CONSOLE ROOM, ITS PHONE  
STILL DANGLING.)

THE DOCTOR AND ADRIC  
INSPECT IT: THE DOCTOR  
WITH SOME SATISFACTION,  
ADRIC WITH ALARM)

ADRIC: It's another Tardis.

DOCTOR: I hope not. That would  
produce some very unpleasant  
dimensional anomalies. No, it's  
just an ordinary police box.

ADRIC: And we've materialised  
around it?

DOCTOR: With considerable  
finesse, as I hope you noticed.

ADRIC: (READING THE OFFICIAL  
WORDING ON THE DOOR) "Police  
telephone free for use of public.  
Advice and assistance obtainable  
immediately. Officers and cars  
respond to urgent calls. Pull to  
open."

(ADRIC GOES TO PUT THE  
PHONE BACK, BUT THE  
DOCTOR TAKES IT FROM  
HIM)



DOCTOR: Best not to touch.

(HE LOOKS AT THE PHONE IN  
HIS HAND, REALISING THAT  
HE'S DISTURBED TO POLICE  
BOX ALREADY. SHOULD HE  
LEAVE IT AS IT WAS, OR  
HANG UP?

HE DELICATELY HANGS UP  
AND SHUTS THE DOOR)

DOCTOR: We must give the thing a  
fair chance.

(HE TAKES A FOLDING STEEL  
RULER FROM HIS POCKET AND  
BEGINS TO MEASURE THE  
POLICEBOX)

DOCTOR: Get something to write  
with and take these dimensions  
down. I've been meaning to do this  
for centuries.

TELECINE 8:

Ext. A By-Pass with  
Police Box. Day.

Aunt VANESSA is  
struggling valiantly with  
the handle of the jack as  
she elevates the car.

TEGAN is heaving the  
spare tyre out of the  
boot.

VANESSA: I'm so sorry.  
What a thing to happen on  
your first day. (TAKING  
A REST FROM HER EFFORTS)  
Nearly done.

TEGAN: I don't really  
belong at ground level,  
Aunt Vanessa. I didn't  
mean to be rude about  
your car. And it really  
is nice of you to give me  
a lift to the airport.

VANESSA: Oh, my little  
runabout's used to being  
insulted by now.

TEGAN: Car's are OK,  
but I guess I'm just  
spoiled with having our  
own plane back home.

TEGAN has the tyre out on  
the verge now, and is  
inspecting it.

TEGAN: (LOOKING  
ACCUSINGLY UP FROM THE  
TYRE) What kind of a  
maintenance schedule are  
you running here, Aunt  
Vanessa! This tyre's  
completely flat too.

We notice that across the  
road a shadowy and  
faintly translucent  
figure is watching, his  
interest seemingly  
centred on the TARDIS,  
though we cannot see his  
face.

END TELECINE 8.

8. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE  
ROOM. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR IS EARNESTLY  
MEASURING THE POLICE BOX  
WHILE ADRIC STANDS BY  
WITH HIS NOTE BOOK)

DOCTOR: Three point seven six  
meters normal to the front  
surface...

ADRIC: Is there much more of  
this?

DOCTOR: It has to be measured in  
every dimension.

ADRIC: It can't have...  
(COUNTING HIS ENTRIES) ...37  
dimensions. You said it was an  
ordinary Earth object.

DOCTOR: Every dimension and in  
every detail. The Logopolitans  
convert this into a precise  
mathematical model.

ADRIC: Of the Police Box? I  
still don't understand why?

DOCTOR: To overlay it on the  
Tardis. The dimensional  
interference patterns will shake  
the thing loose.

ADRIC: And that's Block Transfer Computation?

DOCTOR: Part of it. It's a way of modelling space/time events through pure calculation.

ADRIC: Really?

DOCTOR: No, transcendently. It's not easy to explain in a word...

ADRIC: But they use it to create objects through pure computation?

(THE DOCTOR APPEARS TO BE A LITTLE UNSURE OF THE SUBJECT)

DOCTOR: It's not that simple, of course... I went into it all when they first offered to do the Chameleon conversion for me... of course, it's highly specialised...

ADRIC: It sounds very useful.

DOCTOR: (SHAKING HIS HEAD)  
Academic interest. Very few uses.

ADRIC: Lucky that the reconfiguration of the Tardis is one of them.

DOCTOR: Well, they say it will work.

TELECINE 9:

Ext. A By-Pass with  
Police Box. Day.

We glimpse the distant  
WATCHER still standing  
across the road from the  
Police Box and the  
disabled sports car.

Aunt VANESSA is working  
the foot pump, trying to  
blow up the spare tyre.

TEGAN is wrestling with  
the socket wrench,  
getting the wheel off.

VANESSA: Please,  
dear... Do let's get a  
man from the garage.

TEGAN: Not likely.  
The stories I've read  
about the way they  
exploit helpless women.  
If you want a job done  
well, do it yourself.  
That's what dad used to  
say.

VANESSA: Perhaps some  
knight errant will stop  
for us.

TEGAN: Mind you, you  
have to learn to fend for  
yourself when you're  
living in the outback,  
miles from the nearest  
town.



VANESSA: Your father's farm is hardly the outback, my dear... And neither is this. I can see a garage not a quarter of a mile away.

TEGAN: Industry and application, Aunt Vanessa. Air stewardesses are supposed to be resourceful.

VANESSA: You're not a proper one yet, dear.

TEGAN: After today I will be.

VANESSA: If we ever get to the airport.

TEGAN: We will -- just as soon as I've got this wheel off.

VANESSA: I thought I saw a man hovering over there. (SHE LOWERS HER GLASSES AND PEERS ACROSS TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD). Perhaps he needs a wave of encouragement.

TEGAN interrupts her labours to look in the same direction.

But the WATCHER has gone.  
TEGAN shakes her head.

TEGAN: It's the  
nineteen-eighties, Aunt  
Vanessa. No knight  
errants.

END TELECINE 9.

9. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.  
DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND ADRIC ARE  
COMPLETING THEIR  
MEASUREMENTS OF THE  
POLICE BOX)

ADRIC: Then why do we have to  
go to Logopolis? If the theory's  
as simple as you say.

(THE DOCTOR FOLDS THE  
STEEL RULER AND MOVES TO  
THE CONSOLE)

DOCTOR: It's not just a matter  
of understanding distributed  
cluster algebra. The actual  
working out's very tedious, lots of  
fiddly computations. (HE IS  
RESETTING THE CO-ORDINATES) Much  
better to leave it to the  
Logopolitans. They can do it  
standing on their heads.

ADRIC: Not with a computer?

DOCTOR: Standing on their  
heads... it's an expression.

ADRIC: Oh, I see.

DOCTOR: But actually... they  
don't use computers. It's all done  
by word of mouth.

ADRIC: Is that another expression?

(THE DOCTOR SHAKES HIS HEAD, CONCENTRATING ON THE CONSOLE)

ADRIC: (SURPRISED) They speak it?

DOCTOR: Mutter. Intone.

ADRIC: Intone the computations? Why?

DOCTOR: I wondered that too. Never quite had the nerve to ask them.

(HE IS ABOUT TO PULL THE DEMATERIALISATION LEVER WHEN HE NOTICES SOMETHING ON ON OF THE INDICATOR PANELS)

DOCTOR: You've got a lively enquiring mind, Adric. Explain this.

(HE POINTS AT THE CONSOLE.

ADRIC COMES OVER TO HAVE A LOOK)

ADRIC: A gravity bubble?

DOCTOR: Or another instrumentation fault. (HE HITS THE CONSOLE AND LOOKS AGAIN). No, definitely a gravity bubble. And fairly local, too.

ADRIC: Is that dangerous?

DOCTOR: These things often sort themselves out. But we'd better not dematerialise till we've investigated. (HE RAPS ABSENTLY ON IT). I think I'm probably overlooking the obvious again. Back in two shakes.

(THE DOCTOR OPERATES THE DOOR LEVER AND CROSSES TO THE DOUBLE DOORS AS THEY OPEN)

TELECINE 10:

Ext. A By-Pass with  
Police Box. Day.

The TARDIS door opens a fraction. The DOCTOR peeps out and looks around.

He takes in the procession of passing traffic and the nearby sports car undergoing impromptu repairs. He is about to duck back in again, when his eye fastens on:

The vague figure of the WATCHER across the road.

The two seem to stare at each other for a moment.

The DOCTOR looks away, blinking. When he looks back the WATCHER has gone.

The DOCTOR leans against the TARDIS door, almost white-faced, his two hearts beating a little faster.

Something quite extraordinary seems to have happened to him.

END TELECINE 10.



10. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.  
DAY.

(IN THE DOCTOR'S  
TEMPORARY ABSENCE,  
ADRIC'S CURIOSITY HAS  
DRAWN HIM TOWARDS THE  
POLICE BOX.

HE IS WORKING ON THE LOCK  
WITH A SMALL TOOL,  
WHEN:)

DOCTOR: (ENTERING; URGENTLY)  
Don't touch that!

ADRIC: Yes, I know --  
Heisenberg. I just thought it  
might have something to do with the  
gravity bubble.

(AS HE TURNS TO THE  
DOCTOR ONE OF THE DOORS  
SWINGS OPEN AS IF OF ITS  
OWN ACCORD)

DOCTOR: I'm afraid you're right.  
(STEPPING UP TO THE POLICE BOX)  
But I think you'd better leave this  
to me.

(HE REACHES OUT FOR THE  
SECOND DOOR HANDLE, AND  
BEGINS TO TURN IT WITH  
TREMENDOUS CARE)

11. INT. THE CONSOLE ROOM SIMULACRUM  
NUMBER ONE. DAY.

(A ROOM IDENTICAL TO THE  
TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

PERHAPS IT IS THE  
YELLOWISH TINGE TO THE  
LIGHT THAT MAKES IT FEEL  
INHOSPITABLE, SOMEHOW  
STERILE AND DANGEROUS  
TERRITORY.

WITH EXTREME CAUTION, THE  
DOCTOR IS STEPPING IN  
THROUGH THE DOUBLE DOORS.  
ADRIC FOLLOWS)

DOCTOR: (OVER HIS SHOULDER;  
URGENTLY) Get back to the Tardis.

ADRIC: But this is the Tardis.

DOCTOR: A Tardis, perhaps.

ADRIC: It looks just like  
yours...

DOCTOR: Down to the last  
detail...

(ADRIC FOLLOWS THE  
DOCTOR'S GAZE AND SEES:

A POLICE BOX STANDING BY  
THE CONSOLE.

ITS SMALL TELEPHONE DOOR  
IS OPEN, AND FROM IT DANGLES THE  
RECEIVER)

TELECINE 11:

Ext. A By-Pass with  
Police Box. Day.

TEGAN and AUNT VANESSA  
have swapped tasks.

Aunt VANESSA straightens  
up from the wheel she has  
been removing.

VANESSA: There you are,  
Tegan dear. It's just a  
matter of knowing the  
knack.

TEGAN despairingly kicks  
the wheel she has been  
trying to pump up.

TEGAN: I wish there  
was a knack to blowing up  
a tyre with a hole in it.  
Really, Aunt Vanessa --  
what's the point of  
driving around with a dud  
spare tyre. Oh, it's  
hopeless...

Her confident  
self-sufficiency seems to  
have evaporated into thin  
air.

VANESSA: It's the  
garage, then. Don't  
worry, there's still  
plenty of time.

TEGAN: Garage!  
Swindlers and crooks...  
(RECOVERING A LITTLE)  
But there's not much else  
we can do.

VANESSA: Unless we wait  
for a knight errant.

TEGAN: No thank you.  
(LOOKING IN THE DIRECTION  
OF THE GARAGE) Look,  
I'll go. You stay here  
and get your breath  
back.

TEGAN sets out for the  
garage, rolling the tyre  
in front of her.

But she has only gone a  
few paces before she  
notices:

the TARDIS.

TEGAN: (READING THE  
DOOR) "Police telephone  
free for use of public.  
Advice and assistance  
obtainable immediately.  
Officers and cars respond  
to urgent calls. Pull to  
open."

She reaches out for the  
small telephone door  
indicated, but as she  
leans on one of the  
double doors swings open  
inwards.

She peers inside.

TEGAN: That's  
funny... That's very  
peculiar indeed...

And she steps inside.

END TELECINE 11.

12. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.  
DAY.

(THE POLICE BOX IN THE  
CONSOLE ROOM  
DEMATERIALISES.

TEGAN STEPS INTO THE ROOM  
THROUGH THE DOUBLE  
DOORS)

TEGAN: It's some kind of...  
flying saucer!

(THE DOUBLE DOORS OF THE  
TARDIS SWING CLOSED.

SHE RUNS TO THEM...

AND REALISES SHE IS  
TRAPPED)



13. INT. THE CONSOLE ROOM SIMULACRUM  
NUMBER ONE. DAY.

(ADRIC IS ABOUT TO GO  
BACK THROUGH THE DOUBLE  
DOORS)

DOCTOR: No, wait. This could be  
very dangerous for you either way.  
You'd better stay with me.

(THE DOCTOR APPROACHES  
THE POLICE BOX, PICKS UP  
THE RECEIVER, HANGS UP  
AND GENTLY CLOSSES THE  
SMALL DOOR)

ADRIC: But if this is another  
Tardis....!

DOCTOR: (SHAKING HIS HEAD) Too  
early to tell. Other things can  
produce this sort of dimensional  
anomaly. (INDICATING THE POLICE  
BOX DOOR) See if you can do it  
again.

(ADRIC APPROACHES THE  
LOCK)

14. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.  
DAY.

(TEGAN IS TORN BETWEEN  
IMMENSE CURIOSITY ABOUT  
THE CRAFT AND HER FEAR OF  
THE UNEXPECTED.

SHE IS INVESTIGATING THE  
CONSOLE AND CALLING)

TEGAN: Hello. Is anybody  
there? (SHE LOOKS AT THE ARRAY OF  
SWITCHES, BUTTONS AND LEVERS)  
There must be intelligent life at  
the end of this lot. (PRESSING A  
BUTTON) Hello, anybody receiving  
me?

(SHE TRIES SOME MORE  
BUTTONS ON THE CONSOLE)

TEGAN: Hello? Come in,  
anybody... My name is Tegan  
Jovanka, and I'd like to talk to  
the pilot.

(SEEMINGLY FROM BEHIND  
THE DOOR THAT LEADS  
DEEPER INTO THE TARDIS WE  
HEAR THE DISTANT TOLLING  
OF THE CLOISTER BELL.

TEGAN RUNS TO THE DOOR)

TEGAN: Hello? Is that the crew  
in there?

(SHE EASES THE DOOR OPEN  
AND GOES THROUGH)

TELECINE 12:

Ext. A By-Pass with  
Police Box. Day.

Aunt VANESSA has come to find TEGAN, but stops on the way, noticing the tyre leaning against the TARDIS.

She pushes the door and looks inside.

VANESSA: Tegan....?  
Goodness me....

And she goes into the Police Box.

END TELECINE 12.

15. INT. THE CONSOLE ROOM SIMULACRUM  
NUMBER TWO. DAY.

(THE LIGHT IN THE  
INNERMOST SIMULACRUM IS  
EVEN YELLOWER.

ADRIC AND THE DOCTOR  
ENTER, LOOKING ROUND.

A POLICE BOX STANDS BY  
THE CONSOLE, ITS  
TELEPHONE DANGLING)

ADRIC: How many more of these  
are there? (ANXIOUSLY) It  
couldn't be an infinite regression,  
could it?

(THE DOCTOR APPROACHES  
THE POLICE BOX, PICKS UP  
THE RECEIVER, HANGS UP  
AND GENTLY CLOSES THE  
SMALL DOOR)

DOCTOR: Let's hope not. Because  
if it is, we'll never get rid of  
it.

(HE GESTURES TO ADRIC TO  
OPEN THE NEXT POLICE BOX  
DOOR)

TELECINE 13:

Ext. A By-Pass with  
Police Box. Day.

The terrified figure of  
Aunt VANESSA is backing  
away from us out of the  
TARDIS.

VANESSA: No... No...  
keep away.

We advance on her,  
holding the POINT OF VIEW  
of something emerging  
from the TARDIS.

We hear a low chuckle.

Aunt VANESSA almost  
stumbles over the tyre.  
She picks it up to defend  
herself.

The chuckle is frankly  
derisive now, as we CLOSE  
on the frail retreating  
creature.

The traffic on the road  
passes by unheeding.

We hear a throttled cry,  
a chuckle -- and a spare  
tyre rolls out into the  
road among the passing  
cars.

END TELECINE 13.

16. INT. THE CONSOLE ROOM SIMULACRUM  
NUMBER TWO. DAY.

(ADRIC PAUSES IN THE ACT  
OF UNLOCKING THE POLICE  
BOX DOOR)

ADRIC: I can hear it.

(DISTORTED NOW, AS IF  
COMING FROM ANOTHER  
DIMENSION, WE HEARD THE  
DISTANT TOLLING OF THE  
CLOISTER BELL.

THE DOCTOR EXCHANGES A  
GRIM LOOK WITH ADRIC)

DOCTOR: Someone is trying to get  
in touch with us! But we can't go  
back now.

(ADRIC GIVES THE LOCK A  
FINAL TAP)

ADRIC: Done it. These locks  
are all identical.

(HE IS JUST ABOUT TO OPEN  
THE POLICE BOX DOOR)

DOCTOR: You'd better let me go  
first.

ADRIC: Is it really dangerous?

DOCTOR: We're getting closer  
into the nucleus of the bubble.  
There could be anything in there.

ADRIC: What do you think's  
causing it?

DOCTOR: With this many images  
there's only one thing it could be.  
When we materialised round the  
Police Box -- someone had been here  
before us.

ADRIC: Another Tardis?

DOCTOR: Exactly. Materialising  
round the Police Box just as we  
planned to do. He anticipated we'd  
come here...

ADRIC: He?

(THE DOCTOR PUTS HIS  
FINGER TO HIS LIPS AND  
CAREFULLY PULLS OPEN THE  
DOOR. ASTONISHED, HE  
STEPS OUT INTO:)



TELECINE 14:

Ext. A By-Pass with  
Police Box. Day.

A Police car has pulled  
up on the hard shoulder.

Two uniformed policemen  
are investigating the  
sports car. One of the  
policemen is holding the  
spare tyre.

The DOCTOR steps out from  
behind the Police Box and  
walks straight into:

The DETECTIVE INSPECTOR.

DETECTIVE: Good morning,  
sir. Is this your  
vehicle over here?

He indicates the sports  
car.

DOCTOR: No, I don't  
drive. Not a car, that  
is.

DETECTIVE: I wonder how  
you come to be here,  
then. There's not much  
else here but the road.

DOCTOR: I... well,  
it's not very easy to  
explain.

DETECTIVE: While you're working that one out, sir, perhaps you could also have a go at explaining this.

They have walked over to the car. The DETECTIVE INSPECTOR indicates the back seat.

The DOCTOR stares at the back seat, his face frozen into an expression of horror.

DOCTOR: So he did escape from Traken...

END TELECINE 14.

17. INT. A TARDIS CORRIDOR. DAY.

(TEGAN IS LOST IN THE  
CORRIDORS OF THE TARDIS,  
AND BEGINNING TO PANIC.

HER STATE OF MIND IS NOT  
HELPED BY THE FACT THAT  
THE CLOISTER BELL IS  
TOLLING VERY LOUDLY NOW)

TELECINE 15:

Ext. A By-Pass with  
Police Box. Day.

From across the road the translucent figure of the WATCHER looks on, as:

DOCTOR: (VOICE OVER)  
He is still around here  
somewhere!

DETECTIVE: (VOICE OVER)  
He, sir?

DOCTOR: (VOICE OVER)  
The Master.

The DOCTOR looks down,  
and for the first time we  
see the gruesome sight in  
the back seat -- the  
bicycling CONSTABLE's  
inert body, shrunken down  
to the size of a large  
doll, the eyes staring in  
terror!

Beside it, similarly  
diminished, is the body  
of Aunt VANESSA

DETECTIVE: I think you'd  
better come with us.

The three policemen close  
in on the DOCTOR.

END TELECINE 15.

TELECINE 35mm

Closing Titles

END TELECINE 35mm